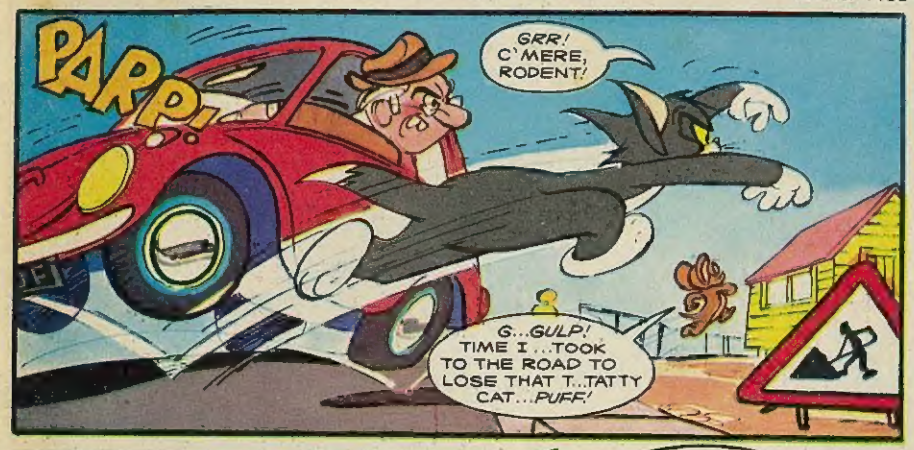
Part two of our exciting Tom & Jerry Competition

TV COMIC PLUS

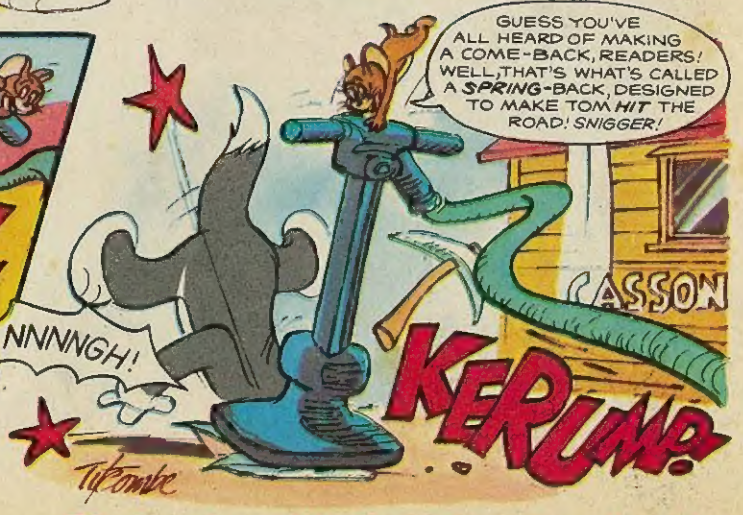
7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday Week ending August 17th, 1974 Number 1183



TOM and JERRY Weekly


GUESS YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF MAKING A COME-BACK, READERS! WELL, THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED A SPRING-BACK, DESIGNED TO MAKE TOM HIT THE ROAD! SNIGGER!
NNNNGH!
CASSON
KERUMP!

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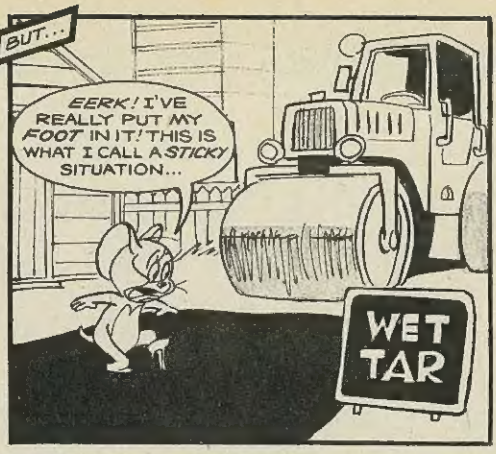
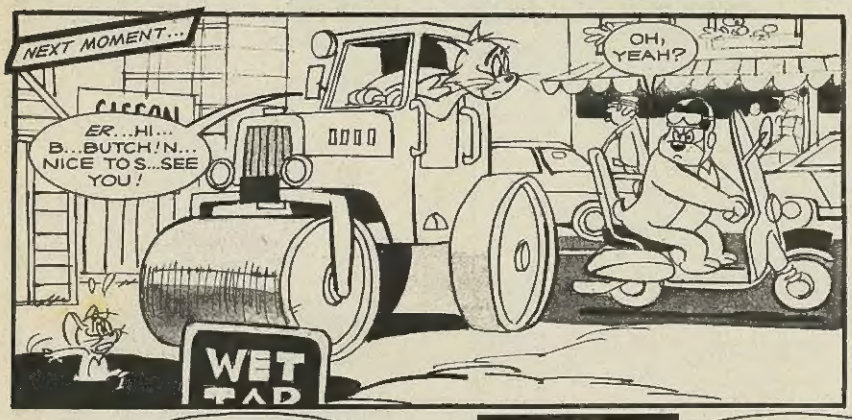
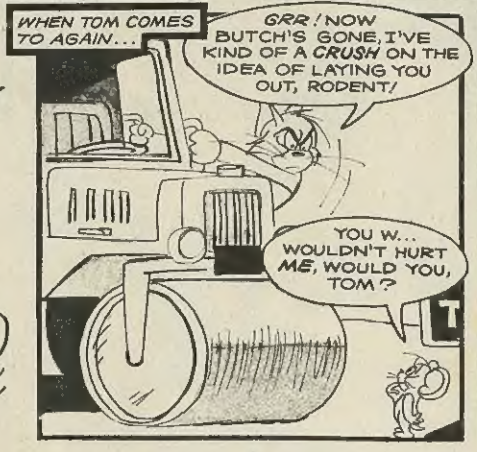
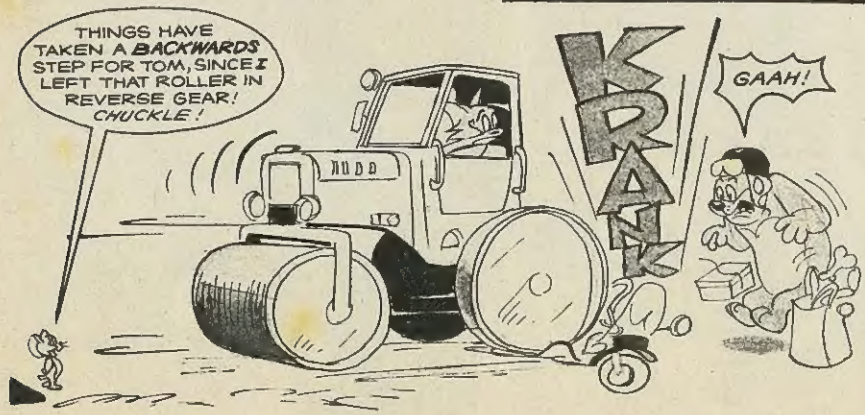
Big laughs with Basil Brush — inside!



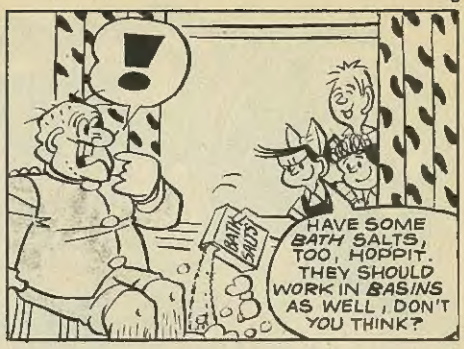


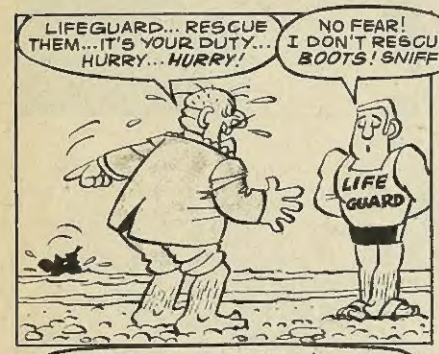

WHEN TOM COMES TO AGAIN...
GRR! NOW BUTCH'S GONE, I'VE KIND OF A CRUSH ON THE IDEA OF LAYING YOU OUT, RODENT!
YOU W... WOULDN'T HURT ME, WOULD YOU, TOM?

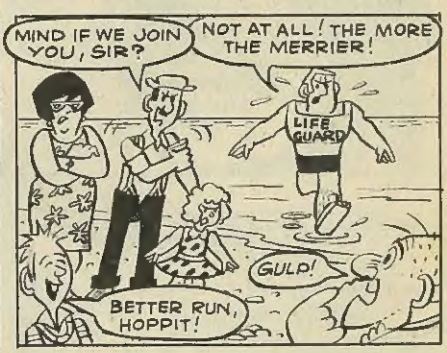


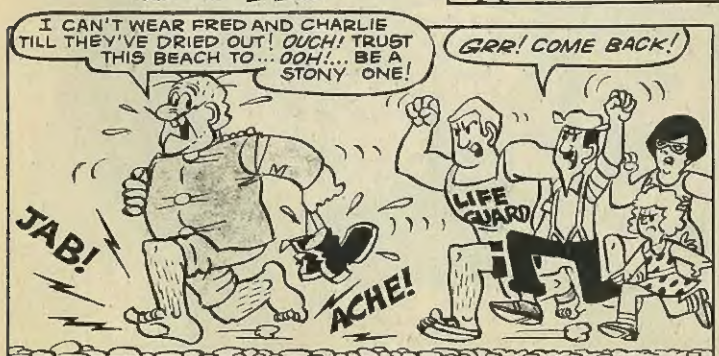
More magical mirth with your pals soon!

TV Terrors








I CAN'T WEAR FRED AND CHARLIE TILL THEY'VE DRIED OUT! OUCH! TRUST THIS BEACH TO... OOH!... BE A STONY ONE!
GRR! COME BACK!
LIFE GUARD
JAB!
ACHE!

LATER...
OOOOH! MY POOR FEET!
LOOK AT HIM, THE POOR SOLE— EVEN FRED AND CHARLIE ARE A BIT DOWN AT HEEL!
NOW WE CAN GO DOWN TO THE STUDIO! HOPPIT CAN'T STOP US! HO! HO!

Doorman or floorman? See next week!

CANNON

DANNY Francis, America's brightest popstar, sings his closing number at yet another dollar-successful, one-night stand . . .

♫ YOU ARE MY OWN, CUTE ONE... ♫

♫ YEAH! OH, YEAH! ♫

AS THE PERFORMANCE ENDS...

DON'T LEAVE US, DANNY! D-A-N-N-Y!

A GREAT PERFORMANCE, KID!

SOME JOKE, HENDRICKS!

IN DANNY'S DRESSING ROOM...

OH, COME ON, DANNY, I'M THE GUY WHO *MADE* YOU A STAR...

YOU'VE GOTTEN IT WRONG, HENDRICKS! YOU MADE ME A SINGING ROBOT—AND I WANT *OUT*!

DON'T SHOUT AT ME, KID! I DON'T GO FOR NO TWO-BIT HAYSEED SQUARING UP TO ME!

UGH!

YOU'LL HAVE OUT WHEN GEORGE HENDRICKS SAYS SO—*IF* YOU DON'T WANT THAT CONTRACT WRAPPED AROUND YOUR NECK!

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK, BIG MAN!

NEXT MORNING, WHEN FRANK CANNON STUDIES HIS MORNING PAPER...

GEE! NOT AGAIN!

MORNING POST

DANNY FRANCIS DISAPPEARS!

IS IT ANOTHER PUBLICITY STUNT?

SENSATION DISAPPEARANCE

I WOULDN'T GIVE ANY PRIZES FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE!

LATER, AS FRANK CANNON LEAVES HIS APARTMENT...

EXIT

MISTER CANNON, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU?

ER, SURE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MISS?

I WANT YOU TO FIND ME DANNY FRANCIS'S MURDERER!

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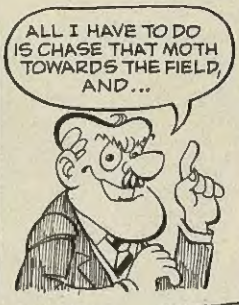
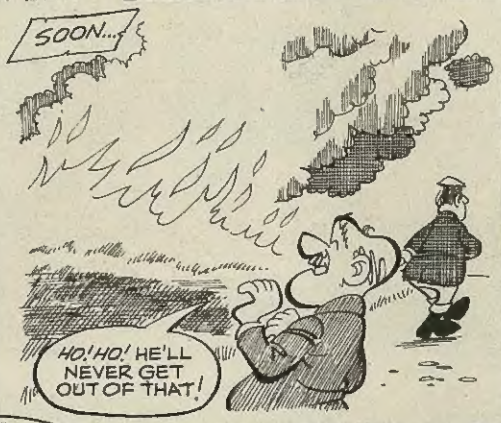
A double-threat for the detective soon!

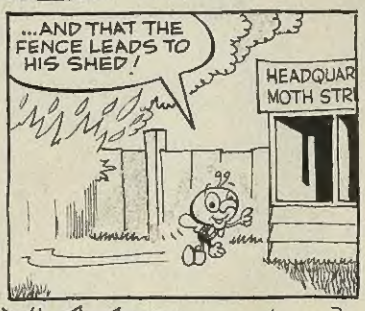
MIGHTY MOTH

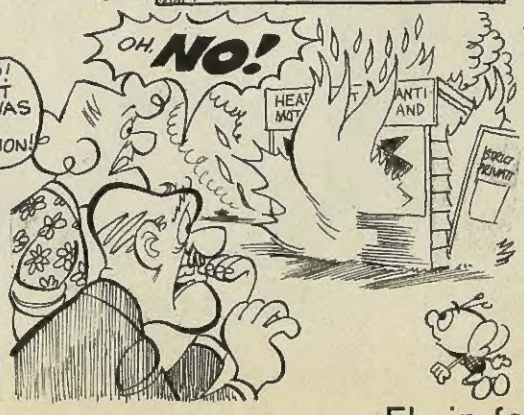
I'M JUST GOING TO HEADQUARTERS TO PLAN MY FINAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST THAT MOTH, MA.
PLAN 'Y'
IT WILL PROBABLY END UP LIKE ALL YOUR OTHER PLANS!
1183

MY OLD POTTING SHED MAKES A SUPER PLOTTING SHED!
HEADQUARTERS ANTI-MOTH STRIKE COMMAND
STRICTLY PRIVATE
ALL PASSES MUST BE SHOWN









BAH! BEFORE I CAN PLAN ANOTHER CAMPAIGN AGAINST THAT MOTH I MUST PLAN ANOTHER PLANNING HEADQUARTERS!
HA! HA! HA!
Dick Millington

Fly in for more fun next week!

BARNEY BEAR
WHEE!
YEE!
HEY!
YOU'RE JUMPING OUT OF TURN!
NO, I'M NOT! IT'S YOU!
STOP JUMPING FOR A BIT!
HEY! DON'T PUSH ME!
'COS I'LL PUSH YOU BACK!
I'D BETTER CALL IN THE LAW!
NOW THEN! NOW THEN! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HE STARTED IT, OFFICER!
NO, I DIDN'T! HE DID!
I OUGHT TO TAKE YOUR NAMES AND ADDRESSES, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO!
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I CAN'T WRITE, BOUNCING UP AND DOWN ON THIS BLOOMIN' TRAMPOLINE!

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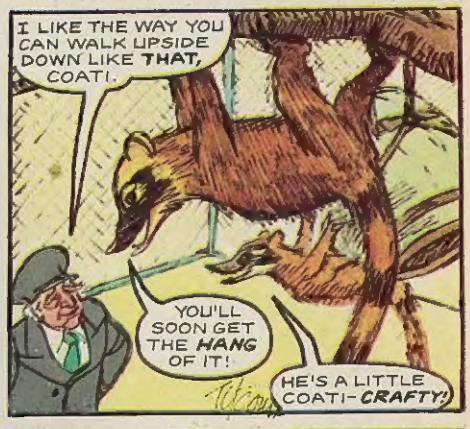
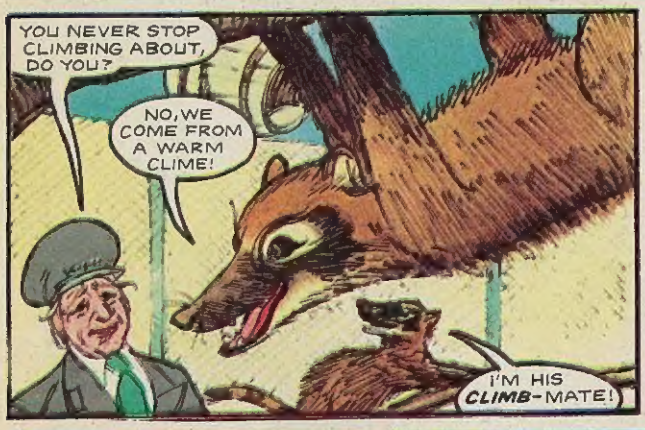
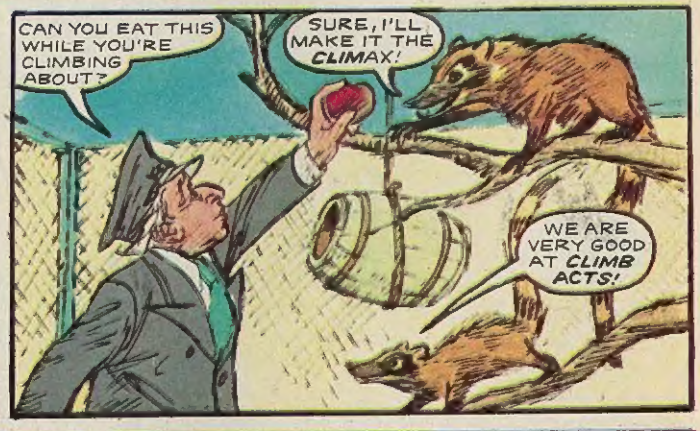
Merry motoring moments with Barney soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

SORRY, COATIS, I KNOW YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED KO-AH-TEES.
WE DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED KO-AH-TEES, WE JUST ARE KO-AH-TEES.
...EXCEPT, IN PRINT, WE ARE COATIS.







THERE YOU ARE. FROM ALL THE COATIS-FROM COATI-MONDAY TO COATI-TUESDAY!
AND FROM COATI HALF-DAY WEDNESDAY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A RATHER WEEK JOKE!

Meet the Hermit Crab next week.

DROOPY
I HAVE TO FIND THE MAIN DOOR—MAYBE THAT POLICEMAN CAN HELP...
WAXWORK
BUT...
WHY IS HE IGNORING ME?
IS THIS THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE WAXWORKS, PLEASE?
AND SO...
'ERE! WATCH IT!
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S RUDE TO IGNORE PEOPLE?
YOU'D BETTER CHECK IN AT THE OFFICE BEFORE YOU DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!
WAXWORK MUSEUM SPECIAL EXHIBITS
I'M VERY SORRY, I DIDN'T REALISE HE WAS A WAXWORK.
NOT LONG AFTER...
HI, DROOPY—WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?
YOU'RE TALKING TO THE NEW NIGHT-WATCHMAN, BUTCH.
SOME HOURS LATER...
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. HOPE YOU'RE NOT NERVOUS.
NOT ME. I KNOW THEY'RE ONLY WAXWORKS!
CHAMBER OF HORRORS
HUR! HUR! I'LL SURE MAKE THINGS GET REAL CREEPY FOR THAT CREEP!
THEN...
G...GULP! TH...THESE WAXWORKS S...SURE L...LOOK LIFELIKE AT NIGHT...EHH? WHAT WAS THAT?
WHOO
IT C...CAME F... FROM IN HERE...EEERK!
THAT DUMB DOG WON'T HAVE A NERVE IN HIS BODY WHEN I'VE FINISHED!
WOOO...EEAGH!
I THINK I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. TH... THIS PLACE IS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME THE HORRORS...SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
AROUND THE CORNER...
CLANK CLANK CLANK
NOW TO FINISH OFF DROOPY FOR GOOD... I...HUHH? WHAT'S THAT?
CLONK CLANK
AAAAAAGH!
WH...WHO'S THERE?
SAVE ME!
I HAVE AN IDEA THAT THIS KNIGHT WON'T HAVE ANY MORE HORRORS!

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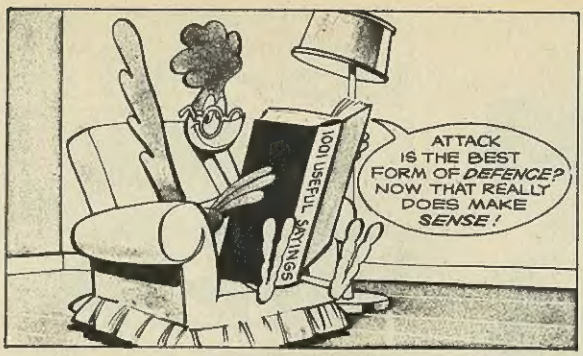
Horse havoc when Droopy rides soon.

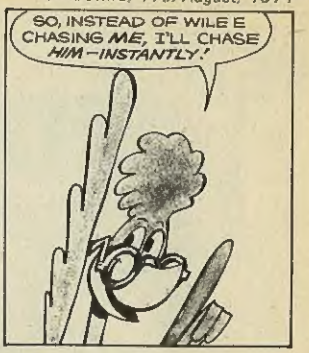
Texas Ted

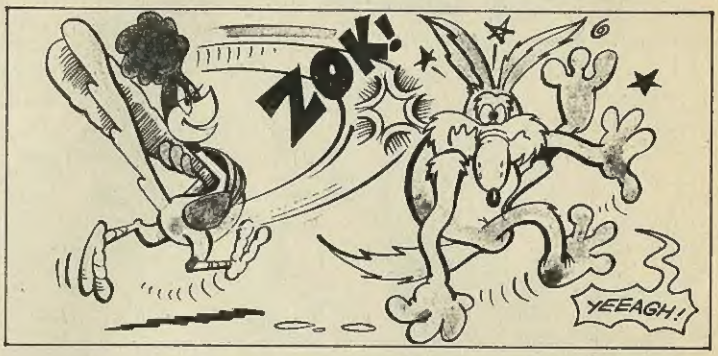
CECIL IS FAR FROM HAPPY...
EDWARD, YOU'RE EVEN LAZY IN A BIG WAY! HERE, YOU CAN SHELL THESE HOME-GROWN PEAS, WHILE I TEND TO THE VEGETABLE PATCH...
PLONK
DOGGONE IT! THEM THINGS IS SO SMALL AH'LL BE SHELLING ALL DAY, JEST TUH MAKE A MOUTHFUL!
RECKON AH'LL HAVE TUH SPEED THINGS UP...
ONE TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT LATER...
HOLD HARD, COUSIN—AH JEST POPPED HOME FER THESE TEXAS-TYPE PEA SEEDS...
TRUST YOU TO RUN OUT WHEN THERE'S ANY WORK, EDWARD!
MAS-SIZE PEAS
PAN-AM
THEY'RE THE SUPER-FAST VARIETY, COUSIN. BY TOMORROW MORNING, PEA-SHELLING WON'T BE A PROBLEM!
NEXT DAY...
OH, NO! I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN! THEY'VE SMOTHERED THE WHOLE GARDEN!
CREAK
RUSTLE
ER...DON'T FRET YO'SELF, COUSIN...
REALLY! I JUST DON'T GET THE POINT OF...
YUH SHO' WILL WHEN YOU SEE THEM TEXAS-TYPE PEA PODS, COUSIN...
CHOP!
EVENTUALLY...
AH TELLS YUH, COUSIN, ONE POD OF THESE PEAS'LL FEED US FER A MONTH! STAND BY BELOW...
WHY, REMINDS ME O' BACK HOME WHEN WE USED PEAS INSTEAD O' CANNONBALLS TUH ROUT AN INJUN ATTACK... 'COS WE WAS SHORT OF AMMO, COUSIN...
BLAM!
...YESSIR! ALL THAT FREE FOOD WE THREW AT 'EM MADE THEM REDSKINS BURY THE HATCHET!
CHOP!
SO, YUH SEE, COUSIN! ERK! L...LOOK OUT!
OHH!
THUMP!
SAY SOMETHING, COUSIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT...?
OOMPH!
OUCH! OHH! YEOW! TRUST ME TUH PUT MA BIG FOOT IN IT! NOW COUSIN'S SHELLING ME WITH THEM THAR LITTLE PEAS OF HIS... OUCH!
FUME!
PING!
PING!
PING!
ZIPP
FRANK McDIARMID

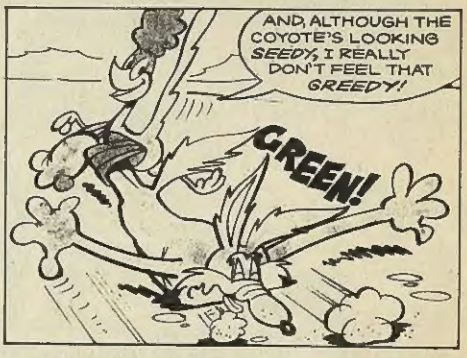
Big bike bother for the Texan next week.

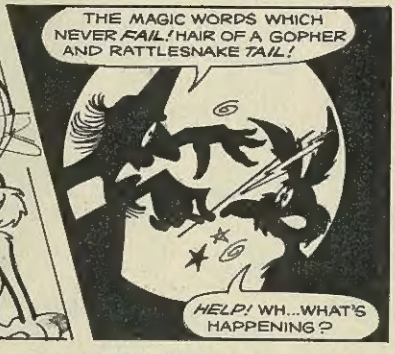
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner

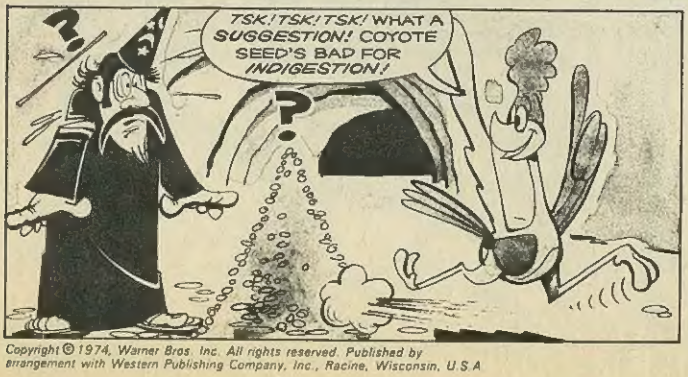


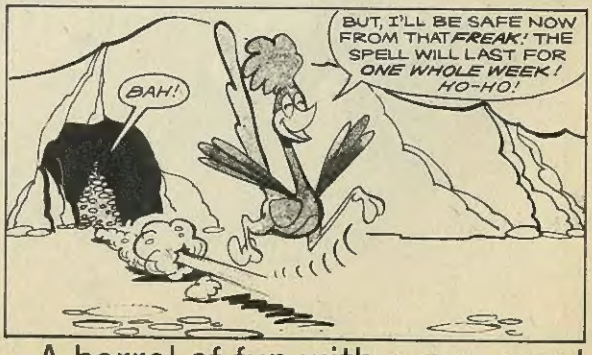












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A barrel of fun with a gun soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

This is a picture of me wearing my Dad's pot-holing helmet. He doesn't go pot-holing now as he is too fat and he gets stuck in the holes! I like Doctor Who best in TV Comic as I think it is very exciting.

Christopher Hunt, Patchway, Bristol.

I must say I think your Dad is jolly honest, Christopher. Thoughtful, too. Wouldn't do to have all the pot-holes bunged up, would it now?

Dear Editor

I am 12 years old and I have been reading TV Comic for six years. My favourite stories are Tarzan, Pink Panther and Barney Bear. My hobbies are swimming, stamp collecting and horse riding. I have three goldfish but no other pets as we live near a main road. I love all animals and I want to be a vet. I write to pen-friends in Sweden and France. When I have finished reading TV Comic I give it to my brother who reads it and then he gives it to my parents. So you can see TV Comic is very popular in our house.

Rosalind Hird, Lincoln, Lincs.

Nice to hear that the Hird Family are so ***well*** *read, Rosalind!*

Here is a limerick for Readers' Page:

There was a young boy from Lomic,
Who couldn't get TV Comic.
He suffered the loss, but soon became boss,
Of the place where they make TV Comic.

Susan Field, Hull, Yorks.

This news to the one they call Den!
Who edits this comic, now and then
I want to be rid of this take-over bid,
Of this Lomical boy and his men!

Dear Editor

My name is Susan Booth and this is a picture of me riding Billy, a lovely pony. Ponies and horses are my hobbies. I like Tom and Jerry best in TV Comic.

Immingham, Lincs.

I likr the hat, Susan. It's very becoming!

Dear Editor

My name is Debra Smith and I am ten years old. This is a photo of me in my school uniform. My hobbies are reading and playing the piano and I am also a Girl Guide. My favourite story in TV Comic is Mighty Moth.

Barnsley, Yorks.

Well, you certainly look very smart in your school uniform. Mighty Moth says it looks delicious!

STAR LETTER

I decided I would play a joke on my sister by making a sponge cake and putting mustard and hot sauce inside. I made a lot of little cakes the same but put a slice of cherry on the trick one. I put the cakes on the table for tea and went out, hoping that during my absence my sister would eat the trick cake. I came back quite late and had forgotten all about the cake, so feeling hungry I took a huge bite out the first cake. Unfortunately it was the trick cake. So my sister had the laugh instead of me!

Michele Papworth, Dunstable, Beds.

Might one say, 'you bit off more than you could chew?' Still, you did win our star letter prize!!

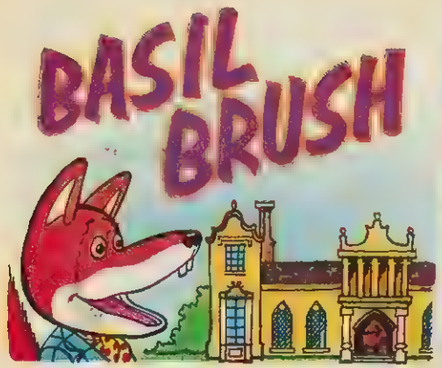
Dear Editor

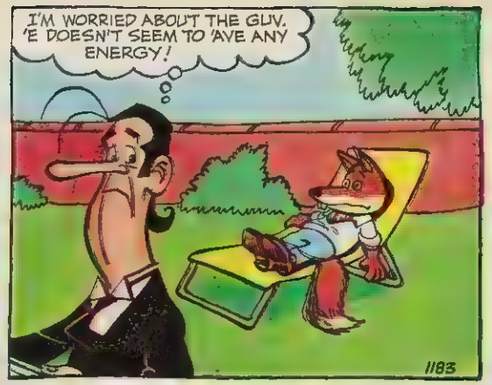
My name is Josephine Weaver and I am 11 years old. My hobbies are swimming, riding my bike and reading. I have been reading TV Comic for nearly three years, and my favourite characters are Basil Brush and TV Terrors. This is a photograph of me with my baby brother, my sister and my pet dog.

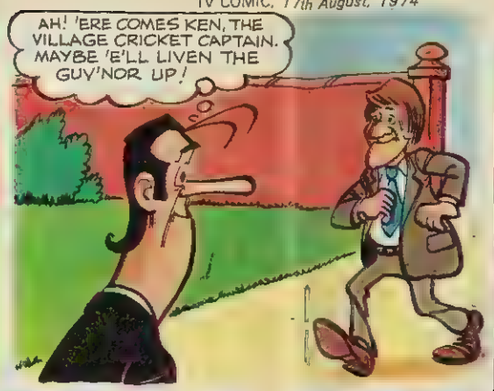
Rhymney, Mon.

From the picture, I'd say you weren't so much of babysitter, more of a ***babystander!***

BASIL BRUSH

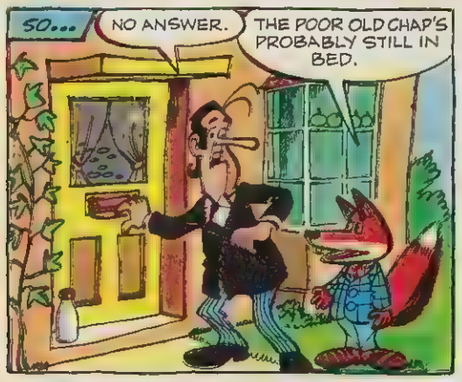


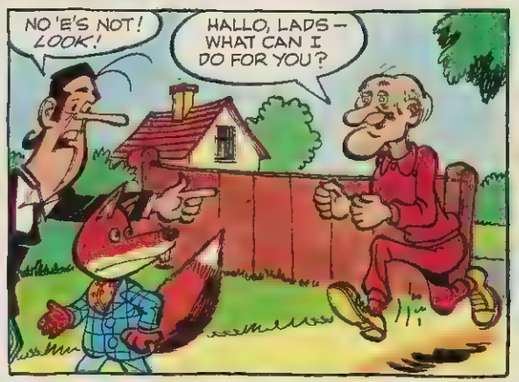


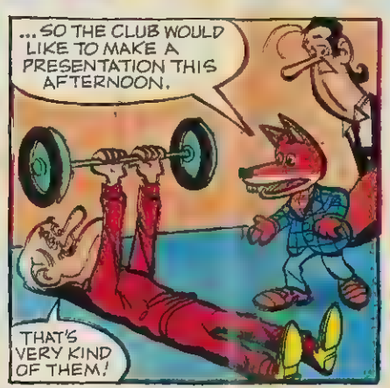


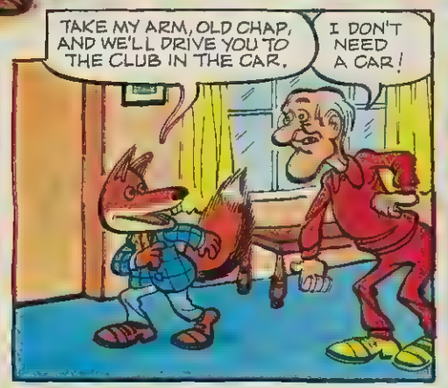
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON, BASIL?
SORRY, KEN. IT'S BEEN A HARD SEASON AND I'M TIRED OUT. I'LL JUST SIT IN A DECK-CHAIR AND WATCH.

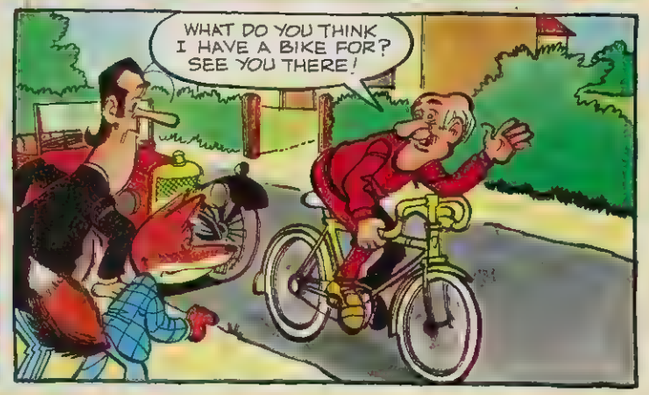
WELL, ON YOUR WAY TO THE GROUND, WILL YOU POP IN AND SEE OLD WHACKER WILSON? HE FIRST PLAYED FOR THE CLUB BACK IN 1912 AND WE WANT TO MAKE A PRESENTATION FOR HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.
I THINK I CAN SUMMON ENOUGH ENERGY TO DO THAT!



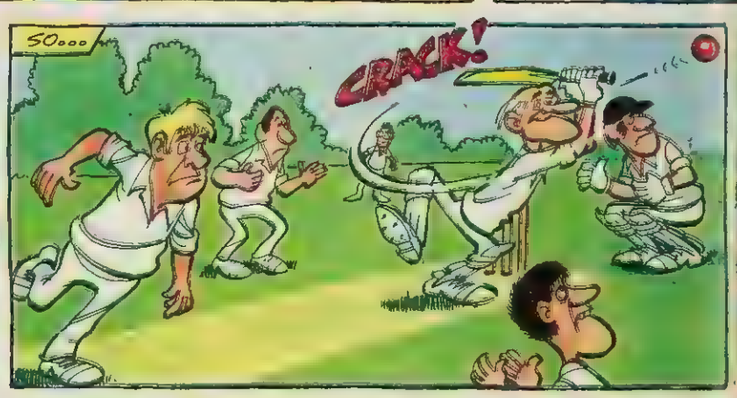


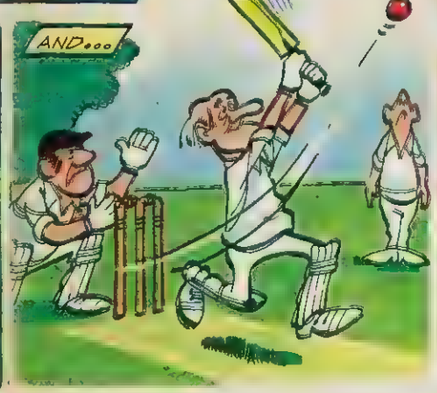


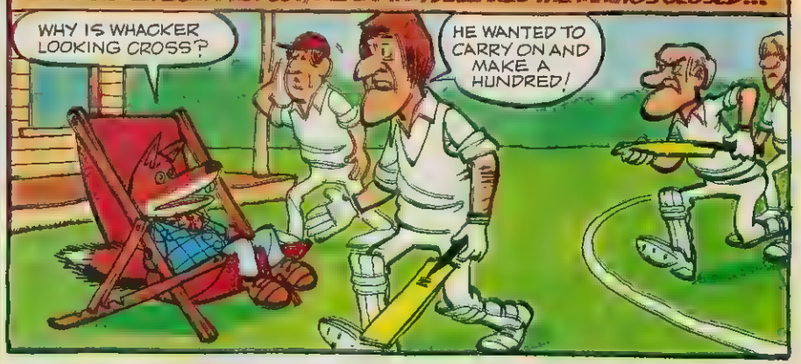


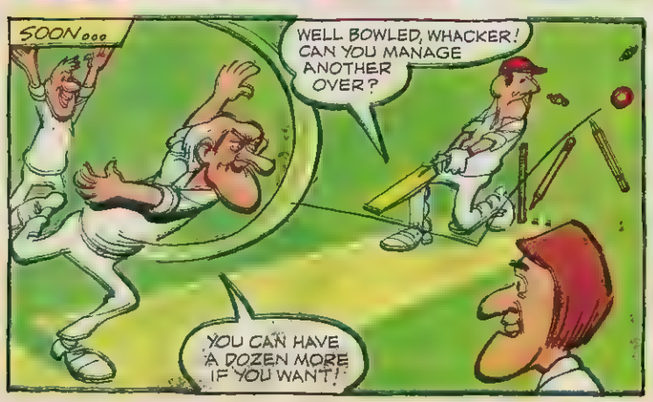


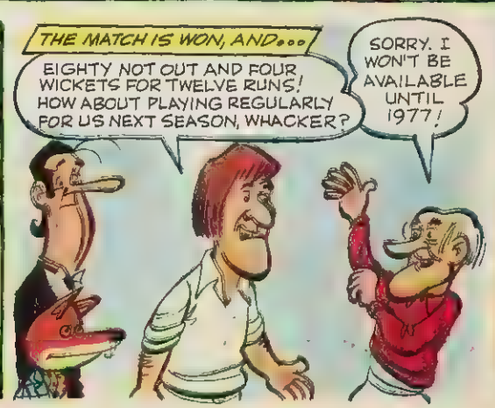
AT THE CRICKET CLUB...
PITY YOU'RE NOT A YOUNGER MAN, WHACKER. BASIL'S DROPPED OUT AND WE NEED A BATSMAN.
LEND ME SOME GEAR AND I'LL KNOCK UP A FEW RUNS FOR YOU!

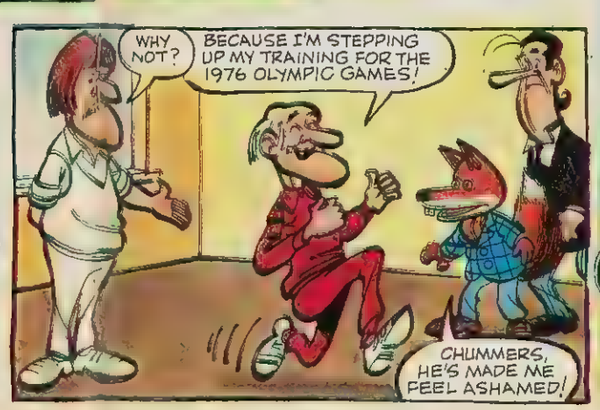





WITH WHACKER EIGHTY NOT OUT, THE CAPTAIN DECLARES THE INNINGS CLOSED...
WHY IS WHACKER LOOKING CROSS?
HE WANTED TO CARRY ON AND MAKE A HUNDRED!




THE MATCH IS WON, AND...
EIGHTY NOT OUT AND FOUR WICKETS FOR TWELVE RUNS! HOW ABOUT PLAYING REGULARLY FOR US NEXT SEASON, WHACKER?
SORRY. I WON'T BE AVAILABLE UNTIL 1977!

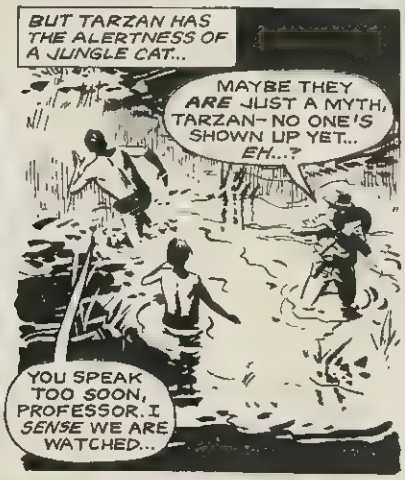


LATER...
AFTER THIS– (PUFF!) FIFTY PRESS-UPS AND A TEN-MILE RUN!
MEETIN' THAT OLD BOY 'AS DONE THE GUV THE WORLD OF GOOD – 'E'S TRAININ' 'ARD FOR THE NEW SOCCER SEASON NOW!

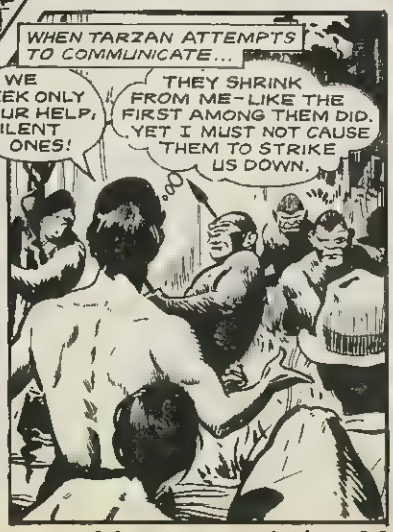
Brush this way to join Basil next week!

TARZAN

TARZAN and Boy are accompanying Professor Vaughn Trent into a vast swamp, to search for Dr Paul Cranton, a botanist, who disappeared after setting out to find the legendary man-eating plant. Tarzan fights off a giant snake, but not before Trent fires a gun-shot. Then . . .


BUT TARZAN HAS THE ALERTNESS OF A JUNGLE CAT...
MAYBE THEY ARE JUST A MYTH, TARZAN- NO ONE'S SHOWN UP YET... EH...?
YOU SPEAK TOO SOON, PROFESSOR. I SENSE WE ARE WATCHED...

ACCUSTOMED TO THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP, THE QUARRY IS NO EASY CATCH...
HE TRAVELS AS IF HE HAS WINGS AND HE SHOWS A GREAT FEAR OF ME!


WHEN TARZAN ATTEMPTS TO COMMUNICATE...
WE SEEK ONLY YOUR HELP, SILENT ONES!
THEY SHRINK FROM ME- LIKE THE FIRST AMONG THEM DID. YET I MUST NOT CAUSE THEM TO STRIKE US DOWN.

TH...THEY'RE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE STONE AGE, TARZAN! THEN THEY MUST HAVE SLAIN DR CRANTON?
PERHAPS. YET EVEN NOW OUR LIVES, TOO, MAY BECOME A MYSTERY TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

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Mystery of the Masked One, next week!

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

COME ONE, COME ALL

©1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd

WE'RE OFF TO TACKLE ROMMEL IN THE MIDDLE EAST, MAINWARING. I'VE SOMETHING UP HERE THAT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO PLAY WITH!

A SQDN RAC

B SQDN TANK PARK

PLAY, INDEED! WHAT DOES HE THINK WE ARE, CHILDREN?

THERE SHE IS. INTACT BUT FOR THE ENGINE. THAT'S BEYOND REPAIR. SHOULD GIVE YOUR BOYS SOME FUN!

FUN! WHY, IF I WERE TRUSTED WITH A SQUADRON OF THOSE!

DINGLEDE TANK RANGE

ALL RIGHT, CHAPS. WE HAVE ROMMEL IN THE PINCERS, LET'S FINISH OFF THESE PANZERS.

NOT LONG AFTER...

IF WE DON'T FIRE THE GUN AND THE TANK CAN'T MOVE, ISN'T IT ALL A WASTE OF TIME, SIR?

OF COURSE IT ISN'T, WILSON. YOU TAKE THE MEN TO ATTACK THE TANK AND CORPORAL JONES WILL SIGNAL WHEN WE ARE FIRING THE GUN AT YOU!

AND SO...

RIGHT, OPEN FIRE!

BANG! BANG!

WHY AREN'T YOUR MEN LYING DOWN, WILSON? WE'VE JUST WIPED YOU OUT!

BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED US, SIR!

MMM! YOU WERE RIGHT, WILSON. TO MAKE THIS TANK OF ANY USE WE NEED SOME AMMUNITION!

THAT'S EASY, MISTER MAINWARING, THERE'S TONS OF IT LYING ABOUT ALL OVER THE PLACE. MY MUM SAYS IT'S AN ABSOLUTE SCANDAL!

SHORTLY...

ISN'T IT DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH SUCH THINGS, SIR? WE MIGHT BLOW OURSELVES UP!

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING THE ENEMY! THAT MEANS USING GUNS. RAISE THE FIRING FLAG, JONES!

THE FIRST ROUND IS LOOSED...

HE'LL BE LUCKY IF HE DOESN'T KILL SOMEONE!

EEK! LOOK OUT, MISTER MAINWARING, IT'S A JERRY FIGHTER!

OOF!

OUCH!

OW!

THE BOUNDERS!

I CAN'T SAY I'M THAT SORRY, SIR. PERSONALLY, I PREFER YOU AS A BANK MANAGER RATHER THAN A TANK MANAGER!

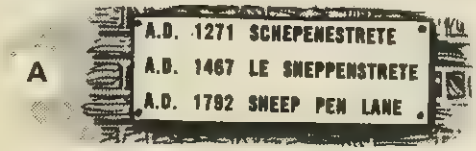
Climbing causes a cliff-hanger soon!

Cut along border

I-SPY 6

...LOOKS AT STREET NAMES.

All streets have a name. There's a story behind each one. Here are some unusual ones to start you looking . . .



A. Same street, same name, different spellings. A rare find, but you may find a street name with two different spellings.
B. Two name-plates — one old, one new.
C. Name plate with two different names.
D. A name plate with a date

E LAND OF GREEN GINGER

E. A street named after a food or drink. This one is in Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire

F. An unusual name. What's the best one you have seen?

G. This is at Notton near Wakefield — in Yorkshire mucky means dirty

H. In Bristol. How do you think it got its name?

Big Chief I-SPY,
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London W2 1EP.

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ADDRESS . . . . . .

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SIGNATURE OF PARENT/GUARDIAN . . . . . .

. . . . . .

*delete where not applicable.

HURRY! GET SWITCHED ON TO TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY WEEKLY NOW!

The BUGS BUNNY Show

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

'BROWNED-OFF!'

THE HUMAN IS INDEED A STRANGE SPECIES! ENDURING SUCH TORTURE IN ORDER TO ACQUIRE A MERE SUNTAN!

THEY EVEN USE *OIL* TO COOK THEMSELVES TO A CRISP, GOLDEN BROWN! STRANGE CREATURES!

...ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE CAN LIE IN PLEASANT SHADE WITH A KING-SIZED CARROT! *SIGH!*

CHOMP!

!

ZZZZZ

TIMBERRRR!

ZZZZZ

BY JIMMINY! MY SHADE HAS SHADED OFF! THAT FOUL FELLER HAS CHOPPED IT DOWN!

HOWEVER, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE TREE BY WHICH A BUNNY MAY LIE IN PLEASANT SHADE!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

H'MM! BUGSY'S CARROT REMINDS ME THAT I'M FEELING RATHER *PECKISH* MYSELF!

YIKES! I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH ANOTHER *SHADY CHARACTER!*

DRRRR! PECK! DRRRRR!

DELICIOUS! THAT WAS A MOST PLEASANT LITTLE *TREE-T!*

Hic!

BAH! PERHAPS I SHOULD DISPENSE WITH TREES TODAY!

...AND SETTLE FOR A NICE SHADY *FENCE! SIGH!*

CHOMP!

SSSSSSS

NOW WHAT CAN *THAT* BE? A REPTILE'S RAVINGS? THE HATEFUL HISS OF THE S..SNAKE SPECIES?

?

YAAGH! IT'S NO SNAKE! IT'S A SHORT-SIGHTED HUMAN WITH SPECS AND *PAINT SPRAY!*

BROWN PAINT

SSSS

DOGGONE! WHERE DID YOU GET THE TAN, BUGSY? YOU'RE BROWN AS A BERRY!

YOU MUST'VE BEEN IN THE SUN ALL DAY, TOU *AND* YOUR CARROT! *HO-HO!*

BAH! I ADMIT TO FEELING RATHER *BROWNED OFF!*

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Sylvester goes fishing for trouble soon!

Great TOM & JERRY colouring competition—

Part two!

100 exciting TOM & JERRY CHAD VALLEY prizes!

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which are not included in the set.

TOM and JERRY GLOVE PUPPETS:

Bring alive your favourite TV twosome with these delightful easy-to-handle, fun-to-use glove puppets. Just put your hand inside and away you go, as the curtain goes up!

* HOW TO ENTER:

Last week, you will have coloured the portrait of Tom, using crayons, pencils or paints. Well, this time, you must colour Jerry and his "coat-of-arms", for which you have to think up another four-word motto. When you have done this, cut out the coupon below — and send it, duly completed, TOGETHER WITH BOTH YOUR COLOURED PICTURES, to the address given. Prizes will be awarded to the lucky winners by post, after the closing date of the competition, which is: Monday, August 26, 1974

RULES Entry is FREE The competition is open to all readers in the UK other than relatives of agents or employees of Polystyle Publications Ltd or Chad Valley Ltd All entries will be examined and prizes will be sent by post to the 100 winners The winners' names will appear in a future issue of TV COMIC plus TOM AND JERRY WEEKLY. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into

Name. ..Roger....Thornton.....

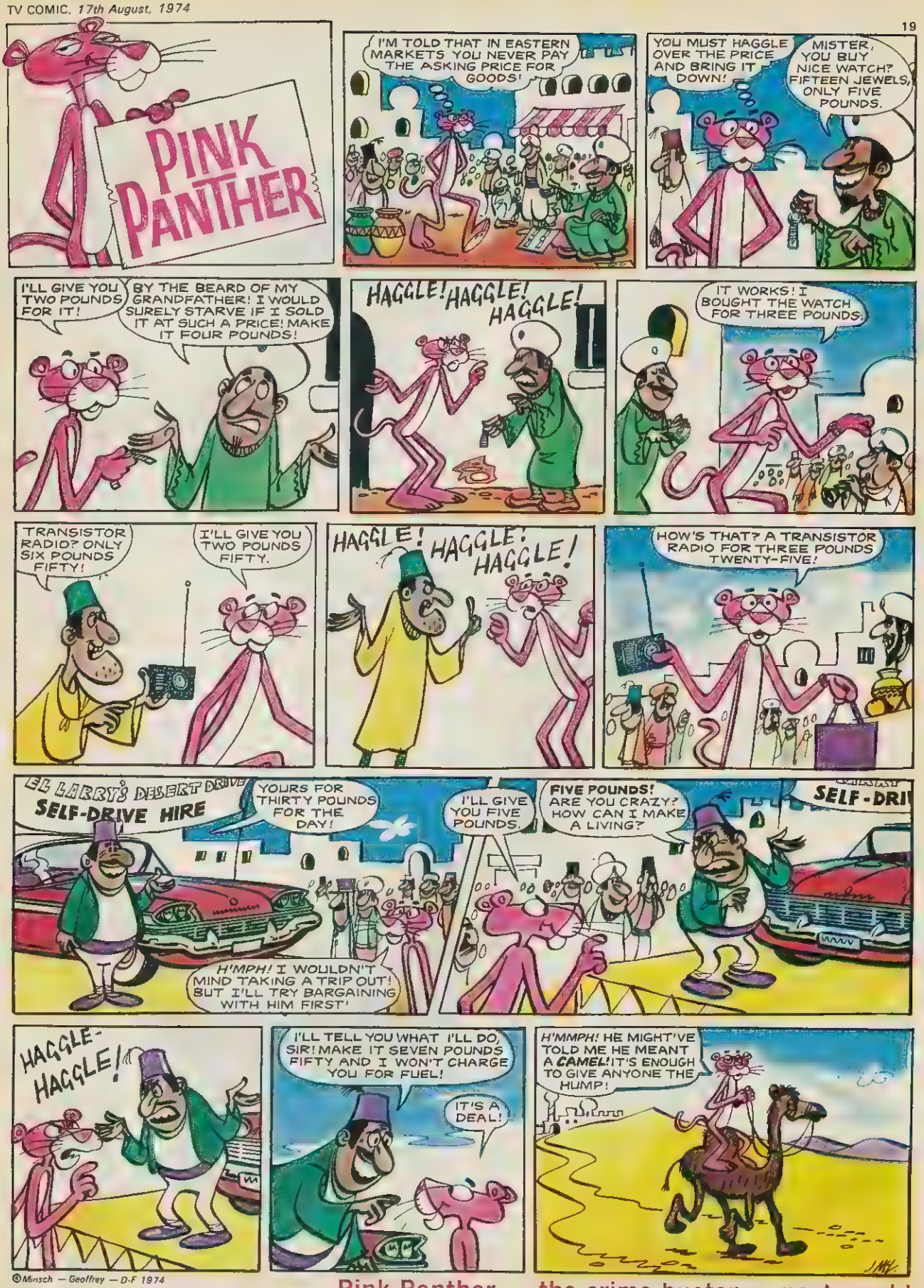
Address...10....Edge....Hill...Ponteland Northumberland.... Age.10.

My four-word motto for Tom is. Eater of the Fish

My four-word motto for Jerry is...Up..cheese down cats

All entries must be received by not later than Monday, August 26th, 1974

Send YOUR entry to: TOM AND JERRY COMPETITION, TV COMIC plus TOM AND JERRY WEEKLY, Polystyle Publications Ltd, 382-386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

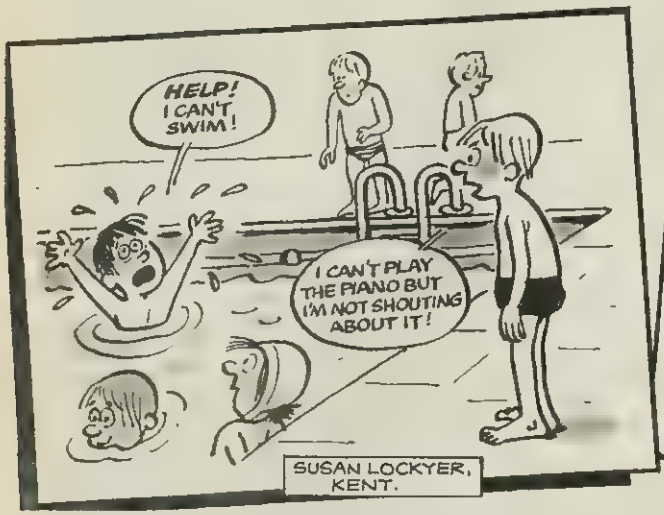

PINK PANTHER
I'M TOLD THAT IN EASTERN MARKETS YOU NEVER PAY THE ASKING PRICE FOR GOODS!
YOU MUST HAGGLE OVER THE PRICE AND BRING IT DOWN!
MISTER, YOU BUY NICE WATCH? FIFTEEN JEWELS, ONLY FIVE POUNDS.
I'LL GIVE YOU TWO POUNDS FOR IT!
BY THE BEARD OF MY GRANDFATHER! I WOULD SURELY STARVE IF I SOLD IT AT SUCH A PRICE! MAKE IT FOUR POUNDS!
HAGGLE! HAGGLE! HAGGLE!
IT WORKS! I BOUGHT THE WATCH FOR THREE POUNDS.
TRANSISTOR RADIO? ONLY SIX POUNDS FIFTY!
I'LL GIVE YOU TWO POUNDS FIFTY.
HAGGLE! HAGGLE! HAGGLE!
HOW'S THAT? A TRANSISTOR RADIO FOR THREE POUNDS TWENTY-FIVE!
EL LARRY'S DESERT DRIVE SELF-DRIVE HIRE
YOURS FOR THIRTY POUNDS FOR THE DAY!
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE POUNDS.
FIVE POUNDS! ARE YOU CRAZY? HOW CAN I MAKE A LIVING?
SELF-DRI
H'MPH! I WOULDN'T MIND TAKING A TRIP OUT! BUT I'LL TRY BARGAINING WITH HIM FIRST!
HAGGLE-HAGGLE!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, SIR! MAKE IT SEVEN POUNDS FIFTY AND I WON'T CHARGE YOU FOR FUEL!
IT'S A DEAL!
H'MMPH! HE MIGHT'VE TOLD ME HE MEANT A CAMEL! IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ANYONE THE HUMP!

©Minsch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

Pink Panther — the crime-buster — next week!

Readers' Jokes

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W.2. 1EP.



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Laurel & Hardy

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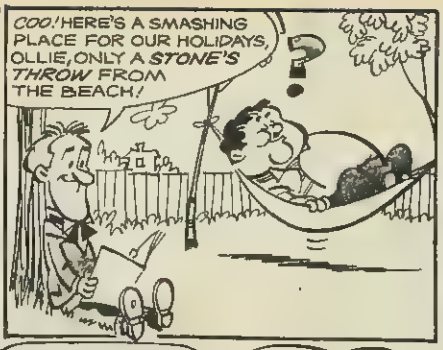
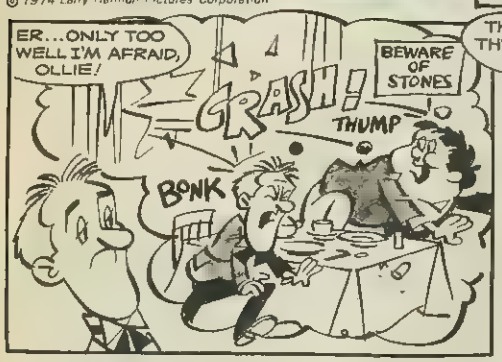
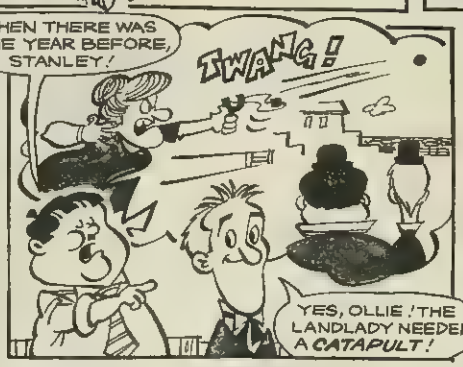
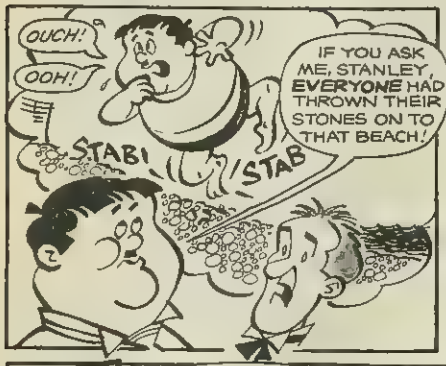
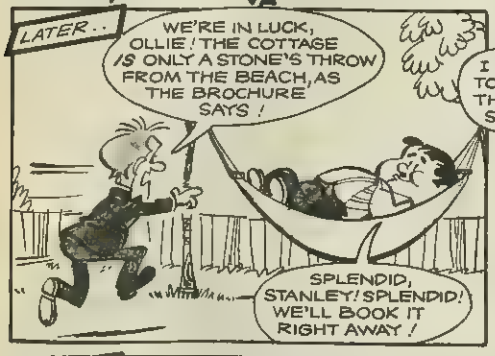
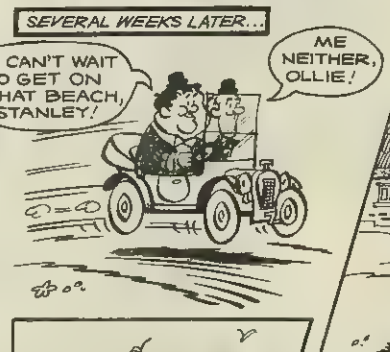


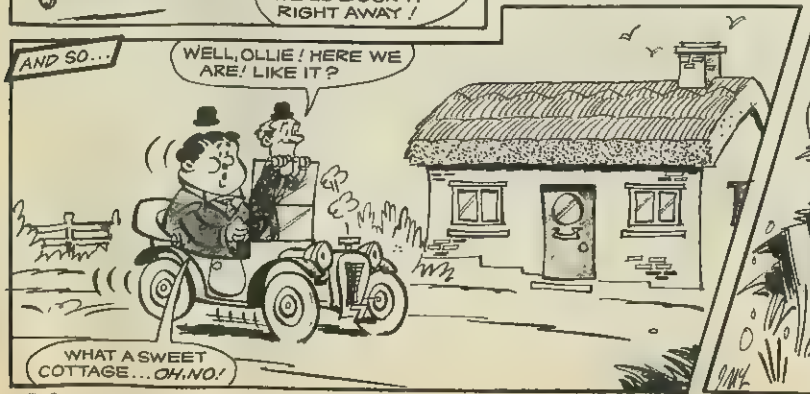


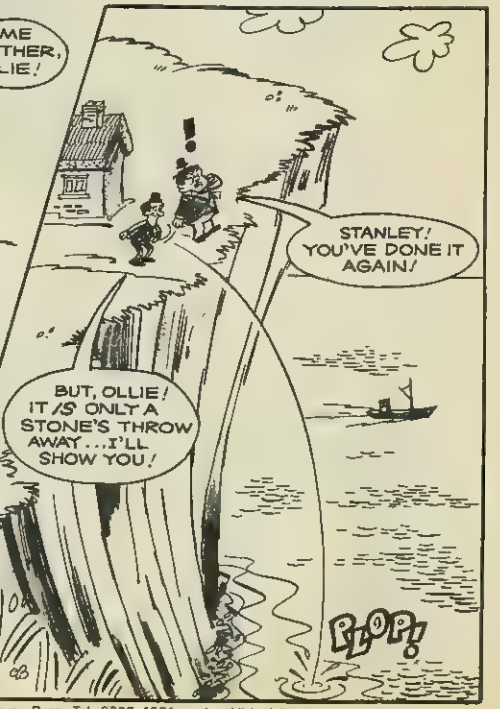





LATER..
WE'RE IN LUCK, OLLIE! THE COTTAGE IS ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE BEACH, AS THE BROCHURE SAYS!
SPLENDID, STANLEY! SPLENDID! WE'LL BOOK IT RIGHT AWAY!







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DR WHO 'THE MAGICIANS'

THE Doctor and Lord Beauvain are in the hands of the magician Signus, who hopes to transfer both himself and Waldeau into the minds of his prisoners. Though the Doctor explains Signus's plan is physically impossible, the weird illusions of the spell could take their reason. As the Doctor and Lord Beauvain concentrate their will against Signus, they are unaware that help approaches . . .

AS ETERNAL SECONDS TICK BY, THE CHAMBER FILLS WITH A MONSTROUS ROARING...
LOOK AT ME, MY LORD—SIGNUS CANNOT KEEP IT UP FOR LONG!
I SWEAR I FEEL ITS BREATH UPON MY NECK!

BUT IN THE BROODING ATMOSPHERE OF THE MAGICIAN'S DEN...
WHY DOTH HE NOT SPEAK? HE SETS HIS GAZE UPON THE PICTURE AND SITS AS IF DEAD...

THEN...
NO...IT WILL NOT DO! THEY RESIST—THE STRANGER IS NO ORDINARY MAN...
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THY MUTTERINGS, SIGNUS. DO THEY CONFESS THY FAILURE?

AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE CASTLE BEAUVAIN...
METHINKS IT WOULD NOT AVAIL US TO APPROACH BOLDLY, MY LORD. WALDEAU WILL LET NONE PASS TILL THE LIGHT OF DAY!
WHAT SAY YOU? CAN THE MOAT BE CROSSED AND THE BRIDGE GUARD TAKEN?

AYE, MY LIEGE. WALDEAU PAYS HIS MEN WELL IN ALE FOR THE TREACHERY THEY HAVE SHOWN THEIR RIGHTFUL MASTER. AT THIS HOUR, THEIR SENSES WILL BE IN THEIR CUPS.
COME THEN, WE MUST ACT WITH ALL HASTE.

© 1974 BBC tv Enterprises

AND SO...

LET IN THY MASTER. THE CASTLE IS OURS.

THE KING'S MEN ARE TOO GREAT A FORCE FOR THE CASTLE GUARDS...

THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS IN THE KING'S NAME, YOU MUTINOUS DOGS!

TOTAL VICTORY IS SOON WON...

COME, MY LORD! THE MAGICIAN'S LAIR HAS YET TO FALL!

LEAD THE WAY, BRAVE HAVAL!

OBLIVIOUS TO THE HAPPENINGS BELOW, A MORE TERRIFYING BATTLE IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS CLIMAX...

BY MY FAITH, DOCTOR— WILL THIS NIGHTMARE NEVER END?

YOU MUSTN'T GIVE WAY NOW, MY LORD. SIGNUS WILL SOON FALL VICTIM TO HIS OWN EVIL.

THE DOCTOR'S WORDS COME TRUE...

WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

I HAVE FAILED! THE CREATURE TURNS AGAINST US! FLEE, MY LORD... **FLEE!**

AS THE RESCUERS REACH THE BATTLEMENTS...

AAAGH! IT COMES! SLAY IT, SIGNUS!

WOULD I COULD, MY LORD! WE ARE LOST!

IN MERCY'S SAKE, WHAT AILS THEM?

BUT THEY CAN ONLY WATCH HELPLESSLY...

THEY GO TO THEIR DEATHS ON THE HIDDEN STAKES, AS IF ALL HELL PURSUES THEM! YET WE SEE **NOTHING!**

'TIS TRUE JUSTICE FOR THEIR WICKEDNESS, MASTER HAVAL!

AND...

BY THE SAINTS, RUFUS, HAVAL FETCHED YOU WITH LITTLE TIME TO SPARE!

IT SEEMS THY BROTHER IS BETTER DEAD, COMRADE, WHILST WE FOUGHT FOR MOTHER CHURCH, THE SERPENT SCHEMED TO ROB THEE!

THEN...

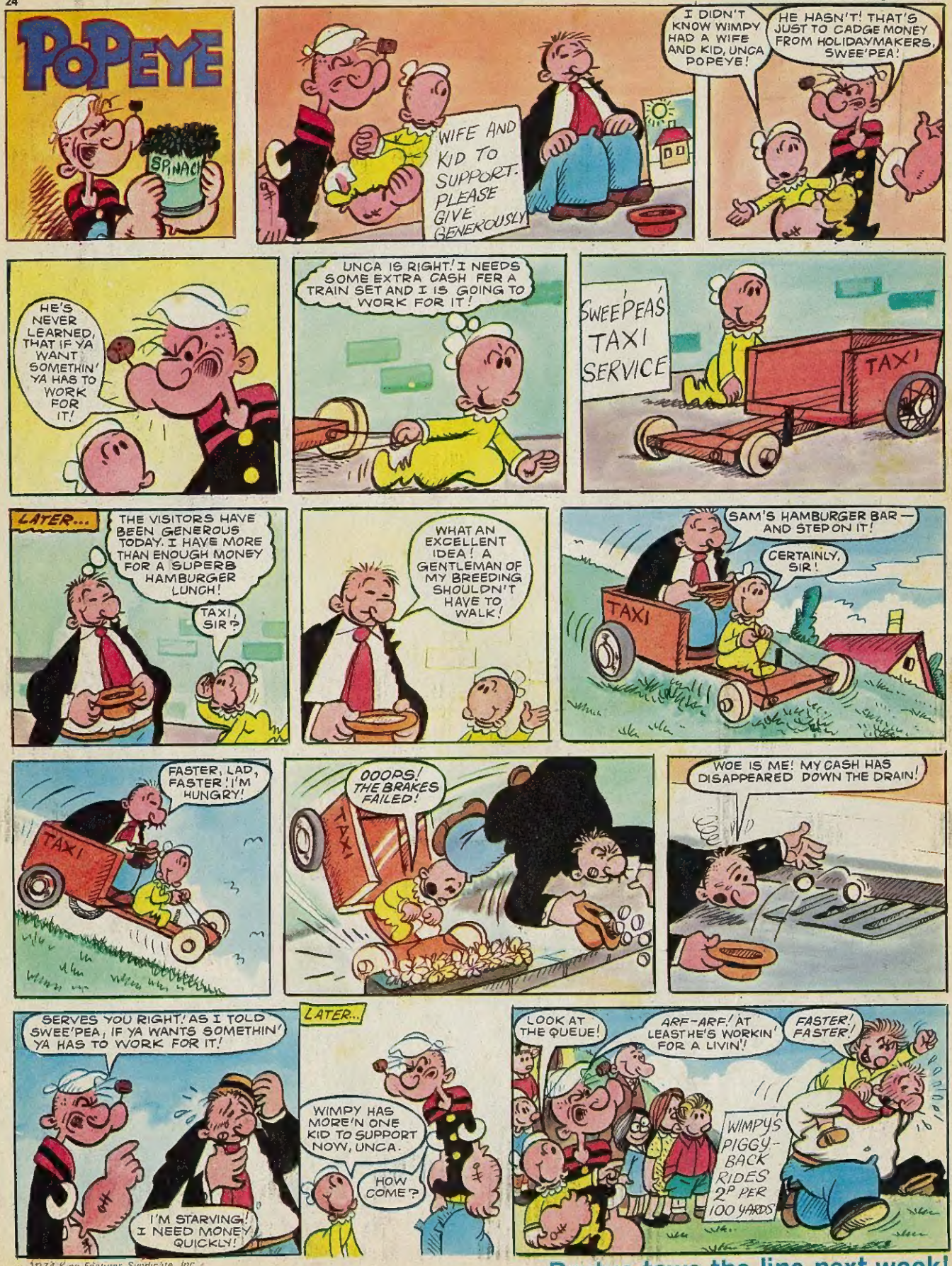
THE DOCTOR— HE HAS GONE, MY LORD.

'TIS TRUE I WOULD HAVE KNOWN HIM BETTER. YET I SENSE HE KNOWS HE TAKES OUR THANKS.

USING A SMALL HOMING DEVICE, THE DOCTOR QUICKLY LOCATES HIS TARDIS, AND...

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE COMPLICATIONS OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY TO A MEDIAEVAL MAN? I REALLY **DO** BELIEVE I'M MORE AT HOME IN THE 20th CENTURY!

A new way-out adventure with the Doctor next week!


POPEYE
SPINACH
WIFE AND KID TO SUPPORT. PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY
I DIDN'T KNOW WIMPY HAD A WIFE AND KID, UNCA POPEYE!
HE HASN'T! THAT'S JUST TO CADGE MONEY FROM HOLIDAYMAKERS, SWEE'PEA!
HE'S NEVER LEARNED, THAT IF YA WANT SOMETHIN' YA HAS TO WORK FOR IT!
UNCA IS RIGHT! I NEEDS SOME EXTRA CASH FER A TRAIN SET AND I IS GOING TO WORK FOR IT!
SWEE'PEA'S TAXI SERVICE
TAXI
LATER...
THE VISITORS HAVE BEEN GENEROUS TODAY. I HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH MONEY FOR A SUPERB HAMBURGER LUNCH!
TAXI, SIR?
WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA! A GENTLEMAN OF MY BREEDING SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WALK!
SAM'S HAMBURGER BAR — AND STEP ON IT!
CERTAINLY, SIR!
TAXI
FASTER, LAD, FASTER! I'M HUNGRY!
TAXI
OOOPS! THE BRAKES FAILED!
TAXI
WOE IS ME! MY CASH HAS DISAPPEARED DOWN THE DRAIN!
SERVES YOU RIGHT! AS I TOLD SWEE'PEA, IF YA WANTS SOMETHIN' YA HAS TO WORK FOR IT!
I'M STARVING! I NEED MONEY QUICKLY!
LATER...
WIMPY HAS MORE'N ONE KID TO SUPPORT NOW, UNCA.
HOW COME?
LOOK AT THE QUEUE!
ARF-ARF! AT LEAST HE'S WORKIN' FOR A LIVIN'!
FASTER! FASTER!
WIMPY'S PIGGY-BACK RIDES 2P PER 100 YARDS

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Brutus tows the line next week!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION